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T H E

Y A R M O U T H

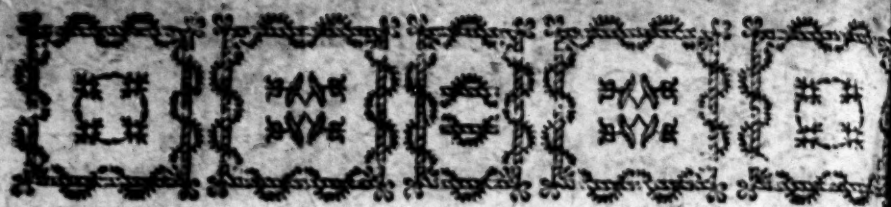
T R A G E D Y;

O R, T H E

CONSTANT LOVERS.

T E W K E S B U R Y:

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Retail. Likewise the True Original Daffy's
Elixir, Bateman's Drops, Scotch Pills, and all
other Medicines of established reputation, that
are advertised in the Weekly Papers.



T H E

YARMOUTH TRAGEDY, &c



LOVERS, I beg lend an ear to this story,
See an example in this constant pair;
How love a virgin did blast in her glory,
Beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth, we hear.
She was a Merchant's charming daughter,
Heiress to fifteen hundred a year,
A young man courted her to be his jewel,
Son to a gentleman who lived near.
Many years he courted this jewel;
When infants in love they both agreed;
And when to age this couple arrived,
Cupid an arrow between them display'd.
Their tender hearts were linked together;
But when her parents the same did hear,
They to their charming beautiful daughter
Acted a part most base and severe.
Bidding her give over her intentions,
For if against their consent she did wed,
For evermore they resolv'd to disown her,
If she wed one that was so meanly bred.
Her mother said: You are a great fortune,
Besides, you are young and handsome;
You are a match, dear child, that is fitting
For ever a lord in Christendom.

Then made answer this handsome daughter,

Riches and honour I do defy ;

If I'm depriv'd of my dearest Lover,

Then farewell world, it is all vanity.

Jemmy's the man whom I do admire,

He is the riches whom I adore ;

To be a great one I never desire,

My heart is fixed to have no more.

Then said her father, 'Tis my resolution,

Although I have no more daughters than thee,

If that with him you resolve to marry,

Banish'd for evermore thou shalt be.

For the young man he sent in a passion,

And said, for evermore now take thy leave,

Have a match more fit for my daughter.

Therefore it is in vain thus for to strive.

Honour'd her, thus said the maiden,

Promis'd we are by the powers above ;

Then of all pleasures do not bereave me,

Our love is fixed never to remove.

Then, said her father, a trip to the ocean,

You shall go in a ship of my own ;

And I consent you shall have my daughter,

When to fair Yarmouth you do return.

Honoured sir, then said the lovers,

Since 'tis your will, we must obey ;

Our constant hearts shall never be parted,

But our desires no longer must stay.

Then Nancy said, my dearest Jemmy,

Here take this ring the pledge of my vows,

With it my heart keep safe in your bosom,

And bear it with you wherever you go.

Then close in his arms he did enfold her,
 While tears did down like fountains flow
 Saying in return my heart I will give you,
 You shall be present wherever I go.

When on the ocean I am sailing,
 The thoughts of you the compass will steer,
 Till tedious absence the time will devour
 And bring me safe to the arms of my dear.

Therefore be constant my dearest jewel,
 For, by the heavens, if thou art untrue,
 My ghost shall haunt you for ever :

Dead or alive I must have none but you.
 Her arms then round his neck she twined,
 Saying when thou art on the sea,
 If the fates unto us should prove cruel,
 That we each other no more should see,
 No one alive shall ever enjoy me.

When the tydings of thy death I hear,
 Then like a sad distracted lover,
 Down to the grave I'll go with my dear.

Then with a dismal sigh he departed,
 The wind it blew a pleasant gale ;
 All being ready, the fam'd Mary galley
 For the island of Barbadoes did sail.

Many lords of high birth and breeding
 Came a courting to this bright maid :
 But their presents and favours she slighted,
 Constant I'll be to my Jemmy, she said.

Now for a time let's leave this maiden,
 And shew how things with her lover did go.
 In fair Barbadoes the ship was laden :
 But now observe his sad overthrow.

Jemmy was handsome in each feature,
 A Barbadoes lady whose fortune was great,
 Fix'd her eyes on him, saying, if I have not
 This handsome sailer, I die for his sake.
 She dressed herself in rich attire,
 With rich jewels she plaited her hair;
 An hundred slaves for to attend her,
 She sent for the young sailer there.
 Come noble sailer, now can you love me;
 A lady whose honour and riches are great,
 An hundred slaves there are to attend thee.
 With music to lull thee to thy silent sleep.
 In robes of gold then I will deck thee,
 Pearls and rich jewels I'll lay at thy feet;
 In a chariot of gold you shall ride with pleasure
 If you can love me then answer strait.
 Amaz'd with wonder, awhile he gazed,
 Forbear, sweet lady, then he cry'd;
 For in Old England I've vow'd to a lady
 At my return to make her my bride.
 She is a charming beautiful creature
 And has my heart, I can have no more:
 I bear in mind her beauteous features,
 No other creature but her I adore.
 Hearing this, she rav'd in distraction,
 Crying, unfortunate maid thus to love
 One that doth slight me and my glory,
 And of my person does not approve.
 Lords of renown I have slighted
 Now must I die for a sailer bold,
 I must not blame him for being so constant,
 True love is better than silver and gold.

A curious jewel then she gave him,
 Within her hand she held a knife,
 One fatal stroke ere they could stop her,
 Did put an end to her tender life.
 Great lamentation was made for the lady,
 Jemmy on board the ship did steer,
 And then to England he was a sailing
 With great desire to meet his dear.
 But her father found he was coming,
 A letter he writ to the boatswain his friend;
 Saying a handsome reward I will give you
 If you the life of young Jemmy will end.
 Quite void of grace, and for sake of money,
 The boatswain did the same compleat;
 As they on the deck were a walking,
 He tumbled him into the deep.
 All in the night when he was sleeping,
 His ghost unto his love did appear;
 Crying, arise, sweet beautiful Susan,
 Perform the vow you made to your dear.
 You are my own so farry no longer,
 Seven long years for thee I did stay;
 Jove does wait to crown us with pleasure,
 The bride guests are ready, so come away,
 Cries she, who's there under my window?
 Surely it is the voice of my dear;
 Lifting her head from the downy pillow,
 Strait to the casement she did repair.
 O Jemmy, she said, if my father hears it,
 We shall be ruin'd both I fear;
 At the sea-side there I will meet you,
 And with my maids I will meet you there.

Her gown was embroidered with gold,
 Carelessly round her body she threw;
 And with both her maids to attend her,
 To meet her love she did instantly go.
 Close in his arms then he enfolds her,
 - Jemmy, says she, you are colder than clay;
 You are not the man whom I admire,
 Paler than death you appear to me.
 Yes, fair creature, I am your lover,
 Dead or alive you know you are mine;
 I came for your vow, and you must follow,
 My body unto the silent grave.
 I for your sake refus'd gold and silver,
 Riches and jewels I did despise;
 A charming lady did for me expire,
 Thinking of thee I was deaf to her cries.
 Your cruel parents have been my undoing,
 And now I sleep in a watry tomb:
 Now for your promise dear I am suing,
 Dead or alive you are my own.
 The trembling lady was much affrighted,
 Amaz'd she stood at the brink of the sea,
 And with eyes up-lifted said cruel parents,
 You have been the cause of my misery.
 Certain it is I promised thee sweet jewel,
 Dead or alive for to be thy own;
 Now to perform my vows I am ready,
 To follow thee to the watry tomb.
 The maidens heard her lamentation,
 But the apparition could not see;
 Thinking their lady was in distraction,
 Strove to persuade her contented to be.

But she cried my dearest I'm coming,
 And in thy arms I soon shall be,
 When she had spoke the unfortunate lady
 Plunged herself quite into the sea.
 But when her father heard of the same,
 He said, O! what have I done?
 My dearest child, it was a cruel father
 That provided thee a watery tomb.
 Two or three days being expired,
 These two unfortunate lovers were seen,
 In each others arms in the waves floating,
 By the ship's side in the watery main.
 The cruel boatswain struck with horror,
 Then did confess the fact he had done,
 Shewing the letter he had from her father,
 Which was the cause of these lover's doom.
 On board of ship he was try'd for murder,
 At the yard-arm he was hang'd for the same,
 Her father broke his heart for his daughter,
 Before the ship to the harbour came.
 Thus cursed gold caused distraction,
 Why should the rich thus covet gain,
 I hope this story will be a warning,
 That cruel parents may not do the same.

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F I N I S.

